MAR-NEWS

MID-YEAR NUMBER

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MAR-NEWS

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Mid-Year Number

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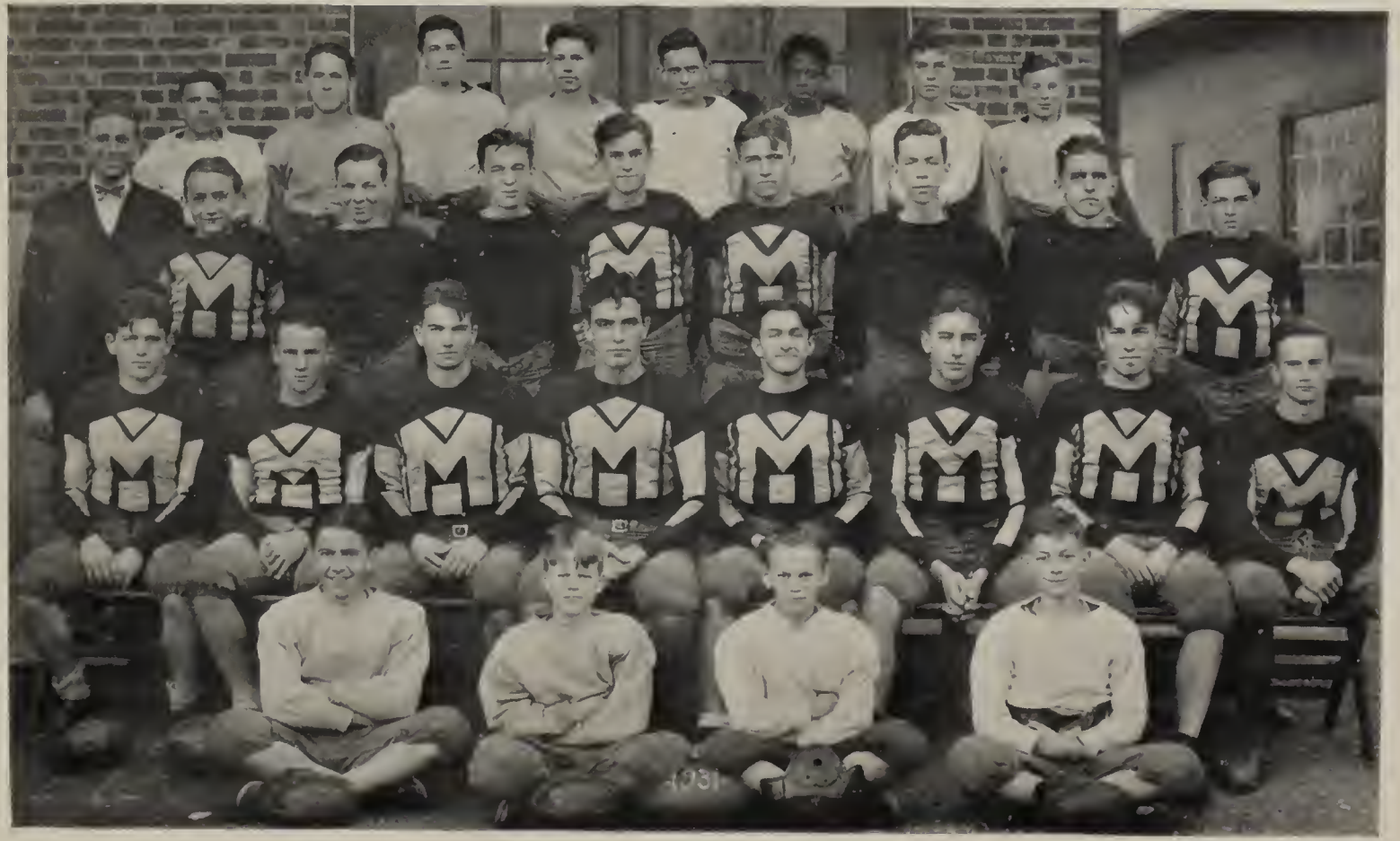


FOOTBALL SQUAD—1931

EDITORIAL

WHEN the "Larchmont Regulars" were established a few years ago, it was a good joke. Now, it's a joke if one of the faithful members is early. However, they are late not only for school, but also for classes and generally late in getting work in. There are a few non-resident members of this famous club who hinder their teachers and classmates even though quite unintentionally.

In the Junior and Senior year, we study what it really means to give each other and ourselves a "square deal." Suppose we bring this right down to our own school life. From five to ten minutes of class period are lost frequently while a few straggle in and the class gets settled. We may pat ourselves on the back now and be happy because we miss a few minutes. But five or ten years from now, those few minutes will have assumed gigantic proportions.

Then, we must consider punctuality in handing in lessons. A low mark is the only punishment we may expect—if we do not consider a bad reputation.

FOOTBALL

WE STARTED our football season the week before school reopened when a group of boys accompanied by Coach Harry R. Harvey made a short camping trip to Crystal Beach, Maryland, a secluded summer resort on the Chesapeake Bay.

When the boys returned to school they already had the spirit and necessary conditioning practice to enable them to bear down and put forth all their effort toward producing a scrappy eleven to compare with the eleven of last year, which made an enviable record of eight wins, one defeat, and one tie.

The team was hampered by the loss of four huskies from last year's team whose positions would be big gaps to fill. These boys were Ed O'Neill, mentioned on Delaware County All-

Scholastic and Charles Wallace, hard plunging fullback, whose ground-gaining was a big factor in last year's many victories. Both these boys were lost at graduation time. Two other boys were also lost for the squad, after the term had begun, when Oliver Bradley, one of the best backfield men ever developed at M.-N., left here to continue his studies at West Catholic; and Barclay Thomas, last year's first-string center, moved to San Diego, California.

A squad of thirty-six boys reported to Coach Harvey in the second week of September, and then began a strenuous practice on the assignment of positions.

With the start of the first game the following boys made up the team:

Left End . . . . . George Ortlip
Left Tackle . . . . . William Yerger
Left Guard . . . . . Tom Blascnski
Center . . . . . George Taylor
Right Guard . . . . . Arthur Maule
Right Tackle . . . . . Tom Hibberd
Right End . . . . . Robert McLaughlin
Quarterback . . . . . Donald MacLaren
Left Halfback . . . . . Frank Coan
Right Halfback . . . . . Ray Ortlip
Fullback . . . . . Jack Tobin

The following boys were picked as able substitutes: A. Moore, W. Green, R. Hunter, L. Davidson, J. Worrall, G. Gaul, E. Watson, Bud Arters, and Horace Rowland.

0—North Wales—1

We started our football season with high hopes, for our team was composed largely of veterans.

At North Wales the Marple-Newtown boys played hard throughout the first half and frequently put the ball in good position for a score, but it seemed that every time at this point a fumble would occur. Consequently there was no scoring until the third quarter when "Bud" Cole, North Wales' fleet halfback, broke loose and ran sixty yards for a touchdown. North Wales immediately started to play defensively, and the game became hot and furious. Shortly after this score some over-

excited North Wales fans ran out on the field and for no apparent reason, attacked several M.-N. players. Mr. Harvey immediately sent our team into the locker room. Unfortunately, some of the players started to get dressed, so that when order was restored, they were unable to return to the field quickly. Consequently the referee forfeited the game to the home team and Marple-Newtown received an unearned defeat.

7—Spring City—6

Spring City was the second team on our schedule. Spring City was equipped with two husky tackles, "Eddie" and "Caesar" Whitehead, who had gained their knowledge of football under Mr. Harvey at M.-N.

During the first quarter both teams played defensively, therefore no score resulted. However, in the second quarter, Keyser, speedy Spring City back, swung wide around the end on a tricky reverse play and ran thirty yards for a score. Marple-Newtown received the kick-off, and by a series of well executed, running plays crossed in its turn just before the end of the half. A deceptive power play from kick formation gained M.-N. the extra point, and the half ended 7–6, in favor of the home team.

In the second half neither team scored, although Spring City threatened to do so several times. Consequently, Marple-Newtown hung up its first victory of the season.

26—Upper Darby Sophomores—0

In this game the Marple-Newtown warriors displayed a strong offensive game featuring Ray Ortlip and Captain Jack Tobin as ball carriers. Ray scored the first three touchdowns, each time displaying uncanny ability as a broken-field runner. Jack tallied the fourth score when he pulled down a long pass by Ray and ran a still longer distance to the goal line with several Upper Darby men at his heels.

Shortly after this touchdown an entire second team was sent in by Mr. Harvey. The younger gridders displayed ability but were prevented from scoring by the final whistle. The final score was M.-N., 26; U. D., 0.

6—Swarthmore—12

On October 23 the Marple-Newtown High School football team traveled to Swarthmore High School to meet the powerful Swarthmore team. As our team was in fine condition, we had high hopes of bringing home a victory.

As soon as the game started, Marple-Newtown "opened up" and before the first quarter was over had scored a touchdown. Jack Tobin did some spectacular line smashing in the march to the goal.

However, Swarthmore rallied, and by a series of confusing trick plays crossed the scoring stripe in their turn in the second quarter. They too, missed the try for the extra point. The score at half-time was 6–6.

Right end Bob McLaughlin was unable to start the second half because of a badly wrenched knee.

Marple-Newtown kicked off and then held Swarthmore on downs. On receiving the ball they again started a march down the field. It seemed as though another touchdown was certain, when Captain Jack Tobin crashed to the ground on a wide end run, tearing the ligaments of his arm. Without Captain Tobin our chances of victory were greatly diminished. Swarthmore threatened to score again, but Ray Ortlip managed to kick out of danger each time, until late in the fourth quarter when Swarthmore pushed its way over the goal line. The final score was 6–12, with M.-N. on the short end.

———————

0—Royersford—12

The Royersford team from upper Montgomery County visited our school on Saturday, October 31, to meet a team representing M.-N., slightly handicapped because of the injuries to Bob McLaughlin, regular right end, whose knee had been dislocated in the Swarthmore game, and to Jack Tobin, regular fullback, who in the same Swarthmore game received a dislocation of the elbow which put him out for the season.

In spite of her light and inexperienced replacements M.-N. made a gallant stand against the heavy Royersford eleven and only due to the fact that the two touchdowns were made on runs over eighty yards was M.-N. beaten. One of these runs was a return of Ray Ortlip's punt for eighty yards and a touchdown, and the other, originating in an intercepted pass behind

their own goal line, resulted in a run of one hundred seven yards and a touchdown. This long run turned back M.-N.'s power drive from her own ten-yard line to Royersford's one-yard line.

In this game M.-N. had her third serious injury of the season when Horace Rowland was lost for the remaining games because of a fractured knee.

0—Prospect Park—32

When M.-N. played Prospect Park High, on November 4, she played a team which was considered one of the best in Delaware County.

The game was a complete rout from the beginning to the third quarter, when M.-N. at last regained her well-known fighting spirit and completely turned from the defensive, by surprisingly turning back all the offensive threats Prospect had to offer, to the offensive by marching through a rapidly weakening Prospect eleven. The final whistle found M.-N. on Prospect's eight-yard line determined to get their touchdown, but it was not forthcoming.

All the Prospect touchdowns were from long runs; two returns of punts for sixty yards, a thirty-yard run from scrimmage, and a forty-yard run from a pass.

18—Sharon Hill—0

On November 11 M.-N. traveled to the Sharon Hill High School on the Chester Pike, and won over a lighter, but faster team. The result of the game was never in doubt because of M.-N.'s experience and weight. But the writer prophesies a great future for the Sharon Hill School.

In this game George Ortlip was the outstanding M.-N. player, scoring two touchdowns. Frank Coan scored the third.

12—Bridgeport—6

Bridgeport High, the school from the sister town of Norristown, came down to Larchmont with hopes of winning the game from a team apparently weakened, according to the scoring columns, but they were not successful, for they bumped into a scrappy football team.

The game started off with Bridgeport taking the offensive and scoring a touchdown a few minutes after the game began.

This sort of luck was not to last long, for our boys bucked up and settled down to real football. "Bill" Yerger started our offensive drive by snatching a high forward-pass and running twenty yards before he was stopped. Then a series of line plunges and end runs ended in a score by "Sparrow" Ortlip, who made a five-yard run and a seven-yard roll for the first score. From then on Marple-Newtown had things her own way. Her trick plays worked to perfection, and it was on one trick forward-pass play that "Sparrow" ran seventy yards for another touchdown which certainly had the boys from Bridgeport baffled. The game soon ended, with the score 12–6 in favor of Marple-Newtown.

7—Nether Providence—6

On Thanksgiving Day Marple-Newtown traveled to Nether Providence High for the last game of the season. The Nether Providence boys were out to avenge the 31–0 defeat of the 1930 contest; a large crowd packed the sidelines.

Marple-Newtown immediately carried the ball into the home team's territory. "Don" MacLaren and "Ray" and George Ortlip circled the Nether Providence ends for gains, while Frank Coan successfully pounded the line. Time after time the Marple-Newtown combinations were within the twenty-yard line, but the Nether Providence line always stiffened in their territory and averted any scoring. Nether Providence, when in possession of the ball, used a passing attack which failed to "click." The half ended with the ball in midfield, neither team having scored.

In the third quarter the home team's passing attack functioned and they scored late in that period. Then Mr. Harvey sent in "Bob" McLaughlin, veteran end. An exchange of punts followed in which Marple-Newtown gained ground. Then the home-team quarterback made his one big mistake. He attempted a long pass from punt formation which Coan, the Marple-Newtown safety man, snatched from the air and returned to the Nether Providence forty-yard line. With only two minutes to play Captain "Jack" Tobin, Marple-Newtown backfield ace, entered the line-up. "Jack" smashed through the enemy line in his best style and carried the ball down to the six-yard line. With seconds to go, "Ray" Ortlip

swung around end and crossed the scoring stripe. The teams lined up for the try for point. The Marple-Newtown team lined up in dropkick formation and "Jack" Tobin received the ball just behind the center. "Jack" grabbed at the pigskin, but he fumbled it. Frank Coan leaped after the ball and just managed to touch its end. The elusive oval slithered across the goal line where "Bob" McLaughlin lovingly curled himself about it. The referee waved his arms in the air, which means "the score counts." And in this case it meant "Marple-Newtown wins!"

By virtue of his all-round ability on the gridiron the letter men of the nineteen thirty-one football team elected George Ortlip to lead next year's eleven.

OUR TEAM

Marple-Newtown's fighting,
Displaying all her might;
Spectators, too, are cheering,
A touchdown is in sight.

The score is six to nothing,
And just five minutes more—
Get going Marple-Newtown,
Don't give up until you score!

The referee blows his whistle,
Third down and ten to go;
Show off your Irish, Tobin,
And hit those huskies low.

Our boys are in position.
Ready for the play;
Taylor snaps the pigskin—
A forward pass by Ray.

The pass is caught by Sparrow
Running at full speed;
Many try to hit him,
But he pays not the slightest heed.

On and on he canters,
Right across the line.
"Atta boy!" shouts Mr. Harvey,
"That's what I call 'Fine'."

We have made our touchdown,
Amidst the cheers and din.
Hibbie kicks the extra point
Just in time to win.

REESE H. HUNTER, '33.

"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH"

ON DECEMBER 11, 1931, the Marple-Newtown High School presented its annual play, *Nothing But the Truth*. It was directed by Miss Mary Miller Kress, the English teacher; the scenery was designed by Miss Georgidaire Pierce, the Art Director. The proceeds were divided between the Athletic Association and the Senior Class.

The play went over with a "bang." Many thought it was the best ever given. *Nothing But the Truth* is a farce that has been given many times. It was filmed several years ago.

Bob Bennett (Jack Tobin) has to double ten thousand dollars for his fiancée, Gwen Ralston (Katherine Kirk), in a few days. He makes a bet of ten thousand dollars with his partners, E. M. Ralston, Gwen's father (Robert McLaughlin), Clarence Van Dusen (Jay Worrall) and Dick Donnelly (William Yerger), that he will tell the truth and nothing but the truth for twenty-four hours.

Complications arise when the flappers, Mabel (Kathryn Rambo) and Sabel Jackson (Hedwig Smith), arrive on the scene, almost breaking up the happy home life of E. M. and Mrs. Ralston (Dorothy Haslam).

In order to see the bet is not broken, Bob and the partners go to E. M.'s home where they meet Ethel (Elizabeth Mearns). A very embarrassing situation for Bob but an amusing one for the audience, comes of Bob's having to tell the truth, insulting Ethel several times. The Bishop (Arthur Maule) for whom Gwen is trying to raise the money, and Martha, the maid (Anna O'Neill), complete the cast.

Bob remains firm and wins the bet; E. M. is forced to double the money his daughter raised, which amounted to sixty-thousand dollars. A very amusing scene occurred when the Bishop forced the partners to take back some of the fake quicksilver stock by yelling at the top of his lungs—this at truth-telling Bob's advice. Everything is straightened out and it is safe to say that they all lived happily after.

The cast was very well chosen and each filled his part satisfactorily. With such a pleasant memory of the fall play, must be sure to look for the spring production.

FROM KANSAS CITY, KANSAS, TO CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, BY AIR

WHEN I stepped into the airplane at Kansas City, Kansas, I gazed about in awe, but I did not have long to wonder, because the co-pilot closed and locked the heavy door and climbed into the pilot's compartment to assist the pilot. I soon began to feel warm. The next time the co-pilot came out I asked him if I could open a window. He smiled at me and said, "Do you see that little pipe?" I looked where he pointed and saw a small pipe about six inches long. He told me that I could turn it any way I wanted, so I turned it full on my face but was soon too cold and turned it toward the floor, which was much more comfortable. I turned around to see who the other passengers were. To my surprise they were all looking at me with amused looks on their faces. I just smiled and thought how funny I must have sounded when I asked to open a window; but how was I to know that you couldn't open a window?

Across from me sat a man who was short and stout in size. Every time we stopped he was the last one back and just in time. He was always chewing food as he jumped into the plane at that last minute. It took eleven hours to complete the trip and I must have gone to sleep, because when I awoke, rain was pelting against the window. Suddenly the plane dropped about eighty feet. The co-pilot told us we had only gone through an air pocket, which was quite natural.

The land below looked like toyland; the houses like play ones, and the roads like squares of white lines. It was all very interesting.

When the plane swooped down from the air to an airport in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, a man ran out and informed us that the plane could go no further because of heavy storms over the mountains. I was disappointed because I could not continue my trip that evening, but called up my mother and found that she was already at the airport, so I called there and told her that I would be home the next day. The manager at the airport put me in a taxi and told the driver to take me to the William Penn Hotel. I felt very big, indeed, that evening when I told the bellboy to put my suitcase on the bed.

The next morning the manager of the airport sent a taxi for me. There were two other occupants in the taxi—one, a young man, and the other much older. They both spoke with a decided English accent. I absently asked them if they liked to go to moving pictures. To my surprise the young man answered, "We make them."

"Make them!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said the elderly gentleman. "I am Burton Holmes, and that young man is Andree Lavar, my assistant."

"You don't mean Burton Holmes, the famous lecturer and author of the historical travel pictures?"

"Yes, little Miss," he said.

I remarked, "I have often dreamed of meeting famous people, but never expected to meet one quite so famous."

CAROL TURNBAUGH, *Seventh Grade.*

HAPPINESS

I have been waiting for you;
I have sought you.
You've escaped me so far;
Now I've caught you.
You're elusive but precious,
Sweet and delicious;
Memories enhance you,
Make you more gracious.
I am hoping that now,
After wondering how,
That I'll have you forever;
And you'll make me a vow,
To often be with me
Just comforting me,
To help me through days
When without thee.

A. O'N., '32.

THIRTY-TWO

THE Class of '32 is generally known as a "party-giving class."

In their Sophomore year, they established the custom of each class having a Hallowe'en party, separate from that of the school. That year the party was held at the home of Katherine Kirk. Those who attended this party will connect with it the lack of cider at refreshment time, due to the unquenchable thirst of the boys. Among the notables (?) who attended were Adrian McCarr and Dorothy Clark.

The following year, they had a "doggie" roast at Susanne Loder's. The day after this party, several of the Juniors suffered a severe attack of "hot-dog-and-marshmallowitis." However, there were no casualties.

Quite elated over the success of this affair, plans were immediately made for another Hallowe'en party, to be given again at Katherine's. In connection with this occasion, the following poem will recall that hilarious moment when—

THE KISS

In the doorway hung the mistletoe, with a jubilant air.
Beneath sat Susanne, with a baby-doll stare.
To Jack, this meant—a kiss;
To Susanne—extreme bliss.
With a leap and a bound, he landed right there,
In the lap of the maiden so fair.
But alas! his pressure was too much to bear,
The lady collapsed—and so did the chair.

E. A. WRIGHT, '32.

In that year, the enjoyable evening they spent in the company of Miss McCafferty and her mother at the performance of *The Merchant of Venice* will be remembered by all those who attended. Bill Yerger entertained the group on their way home.

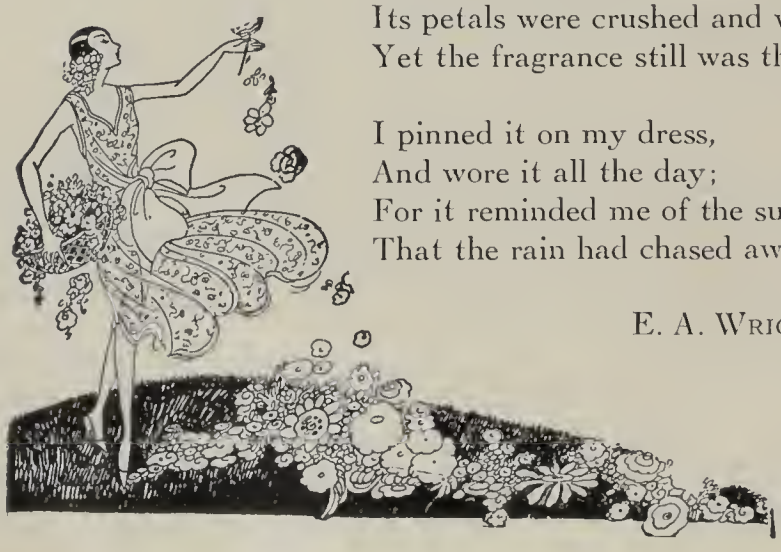
In June of the same year, the Juniors gave their annual party in honor of the Seniors. The night for the party proved to be an ideal one. It was one of those warm June evenings that poets are prone to write about. The girls were arrayed in colorful chiffons and eyelet-embroidered gowns. The members

of the opposite sex wore dark suits, some wearing white flannels with dark coats. It is needless to say that the evening proved to be an entertaining one. The Seniors regret that they will not have Miss Passmore with them this year.

This year the Seniors opened their social season on Friday, October 25, when they went to see Norman Bel-Geddes' production of *Hamlet*. They were chaperoned by Miss Kress and her mother. Those who attended this performance were: "Bob" McLaughlin, Anna O'Neill, "Dot" Haslam, "Bess" Gaynor, Mae Worrell, Mildred Niemeyer, "Kate" Kirk, Susanne Loder, "Don" MacLaren, "Sue" Bowers, and "Libby" Wright. The reason for the non-appearance of the other male members of the class was due to the ferocious football game with Swarthmore in the afternoon.

A few days later, they gave their customary Hallowe'en party, this time at the home of "Dot" Haslam. The afternoon of the party, several of the class members met at "Dot's" to decorate. The vision of the life-like Ghost created by "Dot" and "Libby" will scarcely be forgotten by those whom it greeted that eventful night.

A ROSE



I found a rose—a tiny rose,
Lying on the stair.
Its petals were crushed and withered,
Yet the fragrance still was there.

I pinned it on my dress,
And wore it all the day;
For it reminded me of the sunshine
That the rain had chased away.

E. A. Wright, '32.

THE WONDERFUL HOUSE

MRS. JOHNSON kept glancing nervously out the window every two minutes.

"Oh, why doesn't my husband come? It's getting later every minute, and the supper is getting cold. I wonder if he is hurt. Oh! something has happened to him, I am sure, for he has never been this late before," raced the thoughts in Mrs. Johnson's mind.

Just as she was about to burst into tears, in bounced Mr. Johnson.

"Hello, dear!" greeted Mr. Johnson, as he embraced his wife. "Let us sit down and I will tell you what detained me while we eat."

"How would you like to move?" began Mr. Johnson. "I saw a beautiful house for rent today. It has a large porch, and rose bushes are climbing up on one side, while on the other is a beautiful lilac bush all in bloom. It has a large yard in front and in back also."

"I am sick of moving," sighed Mrs. Johnson.

It happened that one of Mr. Johnson's failings was that whenever he saw a house that had a prettier yard than the one where they were living, if it was for sale or rent, they moved.

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Johnson, guiltily, "but I have already paid the rent for this month and said we would move in tomorrow."

"It is queer that it is so pretty and yet no one is living in it," remarked his wife.

They moved the next day.

That night Mrs. Johnson could not go to sleep for a long time. Although she was very tired, she seemed rather restless. At last she finally fell asleep.

It seemed as though she had not slept a wink when she heard a loud noise which sounded like footsteps on the stairs, getting louder and louder. Finally the footsteps were heard reaching the top step, and coming directly to the room where she lay. She happened to glance towards the door, and there stood a tall man. He was well built and had light hair. He wore a red flannel shirt, dark pants, and heavy black boots.

Mrs. Johnson just lay there and stared at the figure. She

would have awakened her husband at her side, but she couldn't move or speak, she was so terrified. The figure just stood there, and never moved. It kept running its hands, which were long and white, through its light hair.

When it began to get light, the figure turned around and walked heavily down the stairs and out the front door, each step reechoing through the house.

As the last step died away, Mrs. Johnson found her voice and quickly awakened her husband.

"You must have been dreaming," declared her husband.

They both got up and dressed; and, as there wasn't any bread in the house, Mrs. Johnson said she would run down to the little bakery shop she had seen on the corner.

As she entered the door a German woman greeted her. She asked if she had had a good night's rest.

"No, not very," replied Mrs. Johnson.

"I didn't think so," said the woman.

"Why?" asked Mrs. Johnson.

"Did you see something?" questioned the woman. "Was it a light-haired Dutchman, tall, well-built with a red flannel shirt, who had the habit of running his fingers through his hair?" eagerly asked the woman.

"Why yes!" exclaimed Mrs. Johnson. "Tell me, how do you know?"

"Well, that house is haunted. That man was murdered and every night he comes back and haunts that house. He always stands in that doorway and never leaves until morning."

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson ate their breakfast in the house. After Mr. Johnson had gone to work, Mrs.Johnson went home to her mother and never even went back to see if all her furniture was carried out.

MARGARET MACLAREN, '34.

A TRIP TO WASHINGTON

ONE evening I went to the Tower Theater to see "Huckleberry Finn". They were giving away free chances for twelve tickets for a trip to Washington by airplane. They had the drawing on September 25, 1931. I was there and

was a lucky person to win a ticket. You could not use the tickets on Saturdays or Sundays, so I had to go on a school day.

On October 5, 1931, my mother took me to the airport in Camden, New Jersey. The plane took off at 8:55 A. M. It was a huge airplane with ninety-one-foot wing span and a fifty-four-foot cabin, with two twelve-cylinder engines. Time came for the take-off. The plane taxied across the field and turned into the wind. The two engines roared, the plane went across the field about ninety miles an hour, then rose into the air like a large eagle. The plane flew about two thousand feet above the earth and one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour. The ground looked very flat and level. You could not see any people and the houses and roads looked very small.

The first stop was at Baltimore.

The plane had to stop there to take on and put off some mail. We took off at Baltimore quite shaken up due to the rough field, which was under repair. The plane landed at Washington at 10:25, just one hour and twenty-five minutes from Camden. When I was getting off the plane a man asked me if I was by myself. I told him I was and how I got my ticket and he said he got his the same way. We stayed together all day.

We went to several different places but the most interesting was the Arlington Cemetery. They were burying a soldier. They had six soldiers around the grave and they fired three shots, then blew taps. After that we had to go to the airport, so we took a taxi.

We took off at 4:45 P. M. for Camden and stopped at Baltimore to get mail again. It was getting dark now, and when we arrived in Camden it was very dark. You could see how the streets were laid out by the lights, which looked like stars in the sky.

When the motors were shut off we knew we were near the airport. Soon we could see the red and white lights around the airport. We landed very smoothly, although it was very dark.

Our ride was over and we returned home very hungry, but happy.

GEORGE GAUL, *Eighth Grade.*

FAIRMOUNT PARK

ONE of the most beautiful and interesting parks in the United States is Fairmount Park in Philadelphia. This park is unusual in a great many ways, one being the fact that it extends from the heart of the city's teeming population to its outskirts, being entirely surrounded by the city. It rises majestically on both sides of the sparkling blue waters of the Schuylkill River and its tributary, the Wissahickon Creek. It is lined with rustic walks, dusty bridle paths, and wonderful boulevards. This is a favorite spot for writers and artists who glorify it in verse and on canvas.

The park is also quite justified in priding itself on a fine historical record. It may boast of some houses built when Philadelphia was colonized, some which sheltered Revolutionary War heroes; even one which perpetuates the renown of General Grant.

Overlooking the Schuylkill River are many grand mansions called Philadelphia's "Colonial Chain" in which some of the patriots of Revolutionary War days were wont to sojourn and were lavishly entertained by their hosts. Some of the most famous are Mount Pleasant, rated one of the most elegant and richest houses of the Colonies, built by a sea captain, and bought by Benedict Arnold for his bride and later occupied by Baron Von Steuben. The carving and furnishing are in the Chippendale style. It is one of the museums in which the admission is twenty-five cents. Penn House was built in seventeen hundred (1700) by William Penn for his daughter Letitia in Letitia Court and was later moved to Fairmount Park. It was the first brick house in America. Other museums are Woodford, Cedar Grove and Strawberry Mansion. The rest of the old houses are Sweetbrier, Belmont, a favorite resort of Washington and Lafayette, now a restaurant, Hatfield House, which will soon be opened to the public, Solitude, the office of the Zoological Society and Rawle House, and Ormiston, and Rockland which are private homes. In visiting these homes you will find it more interesting if you keep in mind the different styles of furniture started by different carving and furniture making masters. For instance, the Sheraton type has slender tapering legs; the Empire, a shield-like chair-back, and Chippendale legs are often carved like claws at the bottom. In these ways one can tell the time in which the house

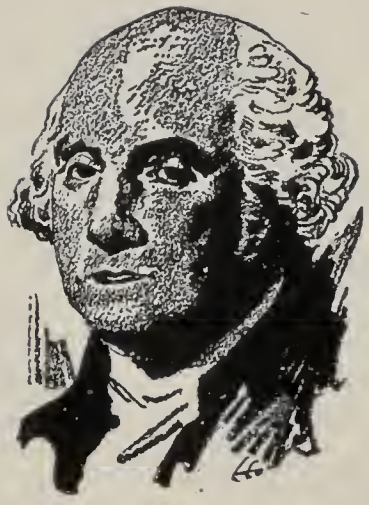
was furnished. Near-by these stands the sturdy cottage in which Grant planned his campaign. Neither must we forget the buildings left from the Centennial. There are Memorial Hall built at a cost of two million dollars, which is a museum and houses a notable art collection and other wonders. Near this is Horticultural Hall which contains a wonderful horticultural collection. Another curiosity left is the entrance to the Japanese temple with a surrounding garden containing all the exotic delights of a genuine Japanese one.

One of the most beautiful structures in the park is the Art Museum erected at an enormous cost at the end of the Parkway and it is one of the finest art galleries and museums in the world.

I hope that this article will kindle in everybody who reads it a desire to see some of these historical landmarks of America and so find out some of his own state's history, which is one of the finest in this country.

RICHARD MARSTON, *Eighth Grade.*

MOUNT PLEASANT



WASHINGTON'S BICENTENNIAL

"LET no man, woman or child—no village, town or city—fail to give expression of homage to the Father of our Country during the celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of his birth."

The American people are preparing to carry out that statement in 1932, by giving the greatest birthday party in honor of George Washington. In 1923 Congress created the George Washington Bicentennial Commission to make plans for the great celebration. The President is the Chairman and the Vice-President is a member of this Committee, which is composed of many noted Americans. Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart is Historian. The Bicentennial Commission is at your service and has published many booklets and pamphlets together with plays and pageants based on Washington's career. During this celebration ten million trees will be planted as a tribute to the Father of our Country. The Government has said that all quarters issued in 1932 shall be Washington Memorial coins. Twelve new postage stamps, each bearing a portrait of Washington at some period of his career, will be circulated through the United States in 1932. A new road has been built connecting Mt. Vernon with Washington, D. C. The great bridge spanning the Hudson has been named for Washington.

Boys and girls can learn more about Washington, for studying about this brilliant statesman is a pleasure, not work. The Bicentennial Celebration won't last only one day, but from February 22nd to November 24th. After that time we will know more about George Washington, his character and his career, than ever before.

DOROTHEA MARTIN, *Eighth Grade.*

ALL'S WELL

THE storm raged on, the snow fell thick and fast. The trees stood out black-green against the white whirl of snowflakes. But the little cabin tucked between two huge fir trees looked quite comfortable. Inside the cabin in the largest of its three rooms sat a man whose features were strong but kind. The man's only companion was his dog, who was stretched out before the fire.

As the snow fell rapidly, Bruce suddenly picked up his ears. What made him so restless tonight? First he would limp over to his master and sit beside him, and then, going back, he would spread himself out again in front of the fire, every once in a while lifting his head in a listening attitude.

Jamie noticed the dog's restlessness and moved in his chair, for a feeling of unaccountable restlessness had taken possession of him also.

"What a lovely night for a robbery," thought Jamie. "If McDonald's gang should stir tonight, by morning their tracks would be covered." Jamie wished now that he had sold the furs he had trapped instead of storing up a fortune in them. He was not afraid, for he had lived here for five years and he had come to this part of Alaska for solitude, so it could not be loneliness that affected him tonight, yet uncomfortable he certainly was.

As Jamie sat looking thoughtfully into the fire, Bruce suddenly growled, and a knock sounded at the door. Jamie started, glanced around quickly, and then rose. He might as well take his luck.

Opening the door, he saw on the threshold an Indian half-breed. As the Indian stepped into the light of the fire Jamie recognized him as one whom he had made a friend of. Jamie closed the door and drew a chair near the fire for the Indian, who refused it, and silently looked around the room. Then in broken English he told Jamie the danger he was in.

"As I was going into a little village nearby I decided to take a short cut because of the heavy storm. As the storm increased I wandered out of my direction, and suddenly came into an open clearing where a light was gleaming from the window of

a small shack. Thinking that it was strange for someone to be living in this section and in such a loosely constructed shack I investigated. Looking through the window I saw my old enemy, McDonald. A dart of hate went through me, as I listened, and drew my knife. From bits of conversation that drifted to me I learned finally that you were in danger. Stealing silently away I hunted for my way to the village, and out to the pass to you."

As he finished the unbroken account, he moved toward the door. Jamie asked if his friend would not stay and give more details of the threatening danger. The Indian shrugged his shoulders, opened the door and disappeared in the storm.

Jamie knew there was nothing he could do but wait. He looked over his gun and placed it beside him on the table with his knife. The hour was growing late.

Bruce, lying quietly by the fire, suddenly let out a deep growl, rose, and went to the door. Jamie grasped his gun and took his station beside the door. Outside could be heard the noise of a dog sled and a man talking gruffly to the dogs. ("Just like McDonald's game to surround the place with his men and to pretend to be a friend," thought Jamie.)

With a low command to Bruce, who was acting quite strangely, Jamie crouched and brought his gun up to his shoulder just as the door shook with lusty blows. Not a muscle moved. Again the pounding, this time louder. Jamie gritted his teeth. The door was then suddenly pushed open. "Stick *'em* up!" hissed Jamie. "Well? What kind of a reception do you call this?" demanded a familiar voice, and Bruce joyously jumped forward.

Jamie looked up into the eyes of his brother, and, then dropping his gun, caught his brother's hand in a tight clasp.

Robberies, gangs, and danger were forgotten in the long talk between brother and brother.

Next morning as Jamie went into the village for supplies, his Indian friend came up to his side and astonished him with the statement, "Indian hate strong. McDonald bother you no more."

Jamie understood.

Ruth Evert, '34.

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